

# Off the Tip of Door County

by Thom Singleton

Porte Des Mortes.

A door of legend.

A door of danger.

A door of death.

The last paddle for warring tribesmen.

The last passage for doomed sailors.

The watery grave for many a man.

An irresistible challenge for me and my friend.

A gauntlet thrown down to the wind and the waves.

A crossing in a two-man kayak.

And sure enough, in the middle of the strait,

Big waves, piled-up by the freshening wind,

Broke over our foredeck,

The rollers large, but, mercifully, regular.

Reached Plum Island, and took a breather,

But not for long, as angry gray clouds neared.

Returned to the mainland as the day darkened,

But before the gale hit,

Before the Door of Death opened wide yet again.



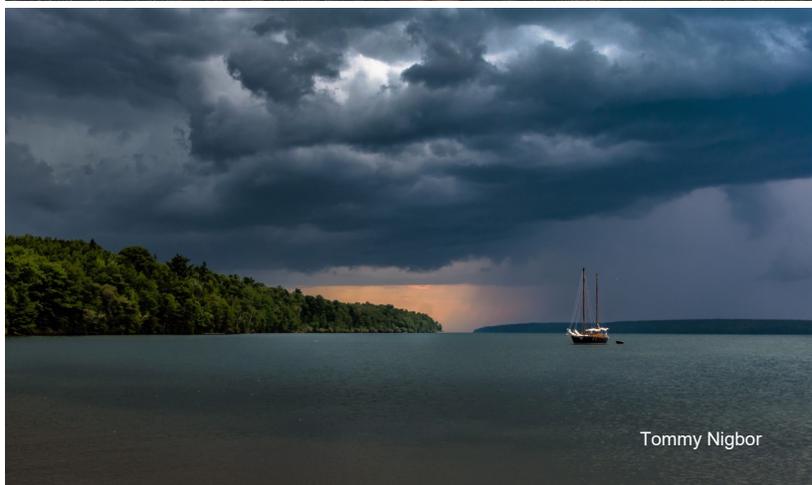
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